

STORIES WORTH READING

Margaret Reid Tells an Unprinted Anecdote of the Composer, Gounod.

Tale of the Celebrated "Jim" Lane, of Kansas—Mayor Sullivan's Forgetfulness—Gas Consumer's Retort.

Miss Margaret Reid, the accomplished prima donna, tells an interesting anecdote of Gounod, the venerable composer of "Faust," which must be quite new to this country, if not to the world.

She came over in La Champagne with a gentleman who is one of the great composers' closest friends. Having heard of Miss Reid many times, he introduced himself, and they were very companionable throughout the voyage. He wore on his finger a handsome gold seal ring presented to him by Gounod. The gentleman relates that Carvalli, the great director to whom Gounod had intrusted the first production of "Faust" at the Opera Comique, went one day to the composer and said he could not give a successful presentation of the opera; that the garden scene in the second act spoiled it all. It was too stiff. One person would come on say his lines; then the stage would be vacant till another bobbed in from another entrance and snook his little piece, and so on. The scene was too mechanical and lacked grace and naturalness in every particular. Gounod entered; Carvalli protested; Gounod pleaded; Carvalli shook his head. Finally the composer said: "It is my last hope; I shall never write another note if this is not done. I have written Carvalli, because of his love for Gounod, agreed to try again, so he went back to the Opera Comique and made another try, but still the marionettes bobbed up like puppets when their turn came, and the whole scene moved as though it were worked by wires. Carvalli returned to Gounod, and, handing him his baton, requested that another leader be chosen. The author of "Faust" had attended the rehearsal and seen the work from the rear of the theater. He acknowledged its deficiency, and went home one night and sat up till morning working on something to bring about an improvement. The result was the sublime "Soldier's Chorus," one of the gems of the opera. After Carvalli had finished Gounod told him to try once more and introduce the chorus, the chorus which he handed him. The trial was made, and it was like a new act. The opera was a go from then on.

"General Lew Wallace's paper on Buena Vista reminds me of Gen. Jim Lane, of Kansas, and a speech he made here in 1854," said Gen. John Coburn to a Journal reporter. "Lane had come here on his way to Boston, where he expected to find arms and ammunition for the Kansas men who were then fighting the border ruffians. Lane came here dead broke, and John D. DeForest, then publisher of the Journal, said we would have to take up a collection for him to help him on his way. This was done, realizing, I believe, about \$100. We had arranged to have him speak on Kansas and the state of the country in Masonic Hall. This was at a time when the old parties were going to pieces and new parties were forming. The hall was packed with people. I shall not omit to say that the Sentinel had made a most abusive attack on Lane, saying, among other things, that he had brought disgrace upon Indiana by cowardice at Buena Vista. He spoke of the issues of the hour, and then from a printed slip read the attack of the Sentinel. Then followed a talk, taking the occasion and everything into account, the most vigorous and eloquent speech I ever heard. He left the center of the platform and walked to the rear wall. Doubtless every one, as well as myself, wondered what he was about. He returned with two flags in his hand. One was the battle flag of the First Indiana Volunteers and the other that of the Third Indiana, two of the five regiments furnished by this State for the Mexican war, and which had been obtained for the occasion from the State Librarian, who was their custodian. He unfurled the colors of the First Indiana. The staff had been broken and mended with laths, a cannon ball had gone through the center of the flag and it was rent with bullets. Then he unfurled the other banner, that of the Third Indiana, which showed that a storm of bullets had passed through it. He asked if it was right that the charge of cowardice should be made against the men who had followed those flags, and he denounced the paper that made the charge cheer followed cheer in a storm of applause. He admitted the cowardice of Colonel Bowler, of the Second regiment, and spoke of the bravery of the men of that regiment, who had been led out into an open field, not to face one of the two regiments but to receive the fire of the whole army of Santa Anna."

"I don't believe in practical jokes," remarked a long-faced man with a voice in second mourning, "but way back in 1877, when I was on the Marion county grand jury, and Judge E. C. Buskirk, now police judge, was on the criminal bench, a practical joke was played on a citizen who, up to that time, was himself an eminent success in that amusement. The grand jury had examined a great many witnesses with reference to violations of the Sunday law. James Armstrong, the practical joker referred to, was informed by some one that it had leaked out that he, Armstrong, had been indicted for that offense, and would in time be arrested."

Mr. Armstrong rushed to Judge Buskirk and asked to be heard in his defense. He was ready to plead guilty to the indictment, but thought the whole affair was making a mountain out of a mole hill; that he had only done what any other citizen would have done under the circumstances. The judge heard him through, somebody, I believe, having in the meantime drawn up a mock indictment. The court read the culprit a severe lecture on the heinousness of his offense, and concluded with the words: "Mr. Armstrong, in consideration of the high and valuable services you have rendered to the Greenback party, and under the belief that you would not knowingly violate the law, the court is moved to commute your sentence, and will therefore sentence you to set up the ice-cream for the crowd." The laughter that followed this announcement showed Mr. Armstrong that he was the victim of a sell. He paid for a generous supply of cream, and has ever since remained on the retired list of practical jokers.

During the recent campaign, although it was a poor time for such an individuality to become prominent, Mayor Sullivan's carelessness in remembering people and incidents was often remarked. As illustrative of the Mayor's carelessness in this regard an incident that occurred a week or so before the election which has an amusing side is given. At that time Mr. P., who has recently left the city, was doing local work on the Sentinel, and as he is a rather ardent Democrat and took an active interest in politics he was often in consultation with Mayor Sullivan on matters political. One day a crowd was gathered in the office of the Board of Public Works, among whom were Mr. Sullivan and Mr. P. After a few minutes the conversation flagged, and Mayor Sullivan said, addressing Mr. P.: "Let's see; you're on the Sun now, ain't you?" It was quite a severe blow, but Mr. P. recovered sufficiently to say that he had never worked on any paper in this city, but the Sentinel had been in the office on the latter three or four years. Although Mr. P. is an active Democrat, and had talked to Mayor Sullivan about the political outlook many times, the latter did not know what paper employed him.

It is a peculiar fact, but a true one, that nine out of every bride and groom who go to a hotel register as Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband instead of John Younghusband and wife. A hotel clerk can tell them that way if they can't any other. Younghusband seems to fancy because the after-cards read "Mr. and Mrs. John Younghusband" that he is that to the vulgar world from a hotel register. But he's not—

or shouldn't be. A newly married couple stopped at the Denison the other day. The groom marched bravely up to the register, handed his umbrella and top coat, from which a shower of rice streamed forth, to the porter, and taking up the pen began, "Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband, just in time, and said to the clerk: "Damn it, give me your scratcher. I'm a hotel clerk myself and ought to know better than that."

The conversation turned upon the meeting of the Farmers' Alliance at Agricultural Hall, State-house, and the condition of the room as that convalescent left it was graphically described by Custodian Griffin. "I remember," said Sylvester Johnson, "going to engage Tomlinson Hall for the meeting of the National Prohibition Convention held here in 1888. A considerable amount of money was asked for the hall; much more than I thought to be right. I was told by the janitor that political conventions were awful to clean up after, and in that view that the charge would be found reasonable, and that I would admit it to be if I came and took a view of the room after the convention had vacated it. The convention came and went. I appeared to take a look at the room. There were not more than half a dozen tobacco marks upon the floor away from the table where the newspaper men sat. At that point the tobacco chewers had been at work. I understand the chewers, however, were not from our city papers, but from the outside. The janitor was greatly surprised. He had never before seen lights job cleaning up after a convention."

"The other day," said an East Washington-street merchant, "a member of the Board of Public Works, speaking of street-cleaning, remarked that it was impossible to keep Washington street clean, as the store-keepers every morning swept the rubbish from their business houses out upon the street. I went to see the place. I have investigated the matter and find that the stores are always swept from the front to the rear and the sweepings are put into boxes or barrels in the alley. The sidewalk dirt of course is swept into the street, but it is a very different thing from the store rubbish. By the way, we have had more dust in the stores with greater damage to goods since the present style of street sweeping began than ever before. The pavement should be well sprinkled before it is swept, but that is not done."

The gas companies are out seeking whom they may devour, and incidentally gathering in as much money as possible. The other day a gentleman called at the Trust office to pay his bill, and was somewhat astonished to find that it had been increased \$12. When he remonstrated, the clerk said: "We are after all the money we can get. Hereafter, you were not to be paid, as you should have been. Your bill, as now presented, is just what the ordinance allows," and, in substantiation of his claim, he got down a copy of the ordinance.

"Is that satisfactory?" he inquired. "Well, if you can tell me how in the blankety-blank I can reduce this bill, if it isn't satisfactory, I might pay to discuss the question," said the gentleman, as he counted out the cash and departed.

There are some people who are always in print, all their comings and goings being given to the public through the daily papers. Some people whose names and deeds do not get into print are envious of these other people. The other day a family was discussing the death of a neighbor, one of a family whose names are not unfrequently before the public.

"All so and so is dead? Why, I didn't see the death in the paper."

"No," answered the daughter, a demure miss of eleven, "that was private."

"If I've got anything to say about it," remarked a State-house official (Democrat), "the State Alliance shall never meet in this building again. It's an out and out political party, and there's no more right in that party being given rooms there than in furnishing quarters for a Democratic or Republican State convention. We don't do the latter, and I think all other political parties, big and little, should be barred out—made to hire a hall. The Prohibition folks, taking the Alliance as a precedent, will next be asking for a room for one of their peculiar State conventions."

MET HIS JUST DESERTS AT LAST.
Thomas Williamson, the Murderer of Many Persons, Hanged at Sedalia, Mo.

SEDALIA, Mo., Oct. 31.—Thomas Williamson, the murderer of Jefferson and Charles Moore, his own wife, and so many other people that, according to his own story, he cannot remember the names of all of them, gave one life in return for the many this morning. In conversation with Sheriff Smith and newspaper reporters, this morning, he repeatedly remarked: "I should have been hung thirty years ago." A few minutes before 10 o'clock the jail door opened, and the little procession filed slowly into the court-yard and up the rickety steps into the scaffold. Williamson did not exhibit the least fear. After a short talk, admonishing the spectators to take warning from his fate, and thanking the sheriff for his kindness, the noose was adjusted and the black cap drawn. The sheriff, with his hand on the lever, said, "May the Lord have mercy on your poor soul," and sprung the trap at 10:05 o'clock. In sixteen minutes the body was pronounced dead. As no friends came to claim the remains, they were placed in a plain white box and buried in the Potter's field.

Thomas Andrew Williamson was born in Travell county, Illinois, April 23, 1831. Accused of his own confession that he was a thief in childhood, his first recollection being of the theft of a quantity of tobacco when ten years of age. In 1850 he stole a horse and was arrested and admitted to bail. He jumped his bail the following year, joined the Tenth Regiment, Illinois Infantry, and served three years in the war. In 1857 he and a cousin named Harkett turned State's evidence and Williamson was convicted and sentenced to hang. His sentence was commuted to twenty years' imprisonment. He served eleven years and three months and was released. The year after he was behind the bars in the State penitentiary again for stealing a herd of cattle. After serving his sentence he went to Xenia, Kan., where he spent seven years in tramping about Kansas and Missouri. It was a round of petty thieving and villainy. In 1887 he married Miss Hannah Jones. The couple located on a farm three miles west of this city. During the summer of 1889 his wife suddenly disappeared, and he gave out that she had gone to Illinois to visit relatives. Since his incarceration in the jail here he has stated that his wife died suddenly of cholera, and being too poor to have her buried, he buried her himself. A search was made, and the body of his wife was found, with the skull crushed in, buried twenty inches below the surface, in front of the door of his cabin. It is generally believed now that he killed her. After the death of his wife he came to this city and took an active part in Salvation Army meetings. Here he met Jefferson and Charles Moore, father and son, for whose killing he was executed to-day. He was employed by them as a hired hand. On the morning of the 28th of May, 1890, the body of the son was found buried in a corn-field on his father's farm. Later in the day the father's body was found in a similar manner. When the hearing of the discovery of the bodies, attempted to commit suicide by taking strychnine, but prompt medical aid was rendered, and his life was saved. A picture pointed to him as the perpetrator of the crimes and he was placed under arrest. He confessed the killing, but said that he was hired to do it by a neighbor of the Moores. At the following term of court he was tried, convicted and sentenced to pay the death penalty. His sentence has since been respited three times. His case was taken to the Supreme Court, and the sentence of the lower court was affirmed.

A Life-Size Crayon.
And one dozen cabinet size for \$4 at Clark's, 66 East Washington street.

THE NEW YORK STORE

A STUPENDOUS REDUCTION SALE.

THE WEATHER IS TO BLAME FOR THIS!!

Last year at this time the thermometer stood near freezing point. Last week it marked 66 degrees above zero. The consequence is obvious: Fall stocks are too large, and deep cuts must be made on the prices to move them quickly. To-morrow we begin with the Dress Goods Stocks.

300 Imported Dress Patterns

ARE THE FIRST TO FEEL THE KNIFE.

The very finest and most stylish goods that have been this season imported, goods that cannot be duplicated anywhere, being imported for our own trade—have been marked down in the following manner:

FRENCH BROCADED ROBES, with silk embroidered and Astrakhan trimmings, that were imported to sell at \$50, marked down to **\$39.**

FINE FRENCH FOULE SERGES, with brocaded silk for combination—the newest and most stylish colorings, marked down from \$40 per pattern to only **\$29.**

IMPORTED BROADCLOTH ROBES, with side panels of silk and gilt embroidery, marked down to **\$29**—the original price being \$45.

NOVEL EFFECTS AND STYLISH DESIGNS IN CAMEL'S-HAIR

FABRICS—including zig-zags, tufted stripes, figures and double cocoon spots, reduced from \$30, \$28, \$25 and \$22.50, to only **\$18.**

NOVEL EFFECTS IN JET EMBROIDERED ROBES—that are all the rage in the East, marked from \$35 down to **\$23.50.**

20 CAMEL'S-HAIR ROBES, with striped and plaid combinations, reduced from \$25 to **\$15** each.

10 FRENCH SERGE ROBES, with Camel's-hair Stripes in combination, reduced from only \$15 to **\$10** each.

50 SERGE ROBES, with Silk-striped and Plaid combinations, marked from \$11.50 to only **\$8.50** each.

Many others of equal value, but different description, have been marked down in the same lavish manner.

DRESS GOODS BY THE YARD.

52-INCH CAMEL'S-HAIR NOVELTIES in all the newest colors,

adorned with shaggy stripes and unique figures, marked down from \$1.75 yard to **\$1.25.**

NEW ZIG-ZAG EFFECTS in stylish combinations and plain colors, marked from \$1.25 yard down to **75c.**

Several hundred pieces of Fancy Plaids, Chevrons, Knickerbocker and Bourette effects, **50c** yard.

SILK FABRICS

Early in the season we imported a magnificent line of high-class novelties in Fancy Silks. These, also, must join the procession of marked-down goods and go as under.

HANDSOME BROCADED VELVETS—new and exclusive designs in the very latest colorings, that were originally intended to sell at \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7.50 and \$6 yard have been marked down to only **\$5** yard.

COLORED SATIN BROCADES, in lengths from 2½ to 6 yards, High-Art Novelties, marked to **\$5**, down from \$6, \$7 and \$8 a yard.

BLACK SATIN BROCADES, choice new patterns, sold originally at \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50 a yard, have been marked down to **\$2.**

30 Pcs. COLORED AND BLACK BROCADED SILKS that were \$2, \$2.50 and \$3 a yard have been marked down to **\$1.50.**

BEAUTIFUL EVENING SHADES of Brocaded Glace Silks that were \$2 and \$2.50 are now **\$1.35.**

The above reductions are all made from prices that were originally lower than is usually asked for the same high qualities, and we are sure our patrons will take advantage of the wonderful saving. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

INGALLS AT HIS BEST.

Character of His Lecture to Be Given for the Press Club To-morrow Evening.

It is in the warming up of his discourse that ex-Senator Ingalls is seen and heard at his best. It is then that his marked individuality crops out, as he talks quite as much with his hands as his tongue. Some one has said that he has an eloquent pair of arms which are used in emphasizing his points with a graceful sweep. Mr. Ingalls' speech is rapid but distinct. It expresses a high-strung, nervous organism, impetuous at times, but always with a steady flow of words that fit to a nicety the idea or fact he seeks to convey. Many things he says are quaint, others are sparkling with queer conceit, and still others keen with sarcasm. From the beginning he is master of his audience. Nothing that belongs to the general topic of the lecture that he is to deliver for the Press Club, at English Opera-house, to-morrow evening, is left unsaid. The ex-Senator seems to have brought into it everything he has learned by experience and study in his senatorial and political career. He talks equally well on all phases of capital, labor, social equality, plutocracy, metaphysics, and so on. He is happy in his compliments, impressive in his more pretentious phrases and brilliant throughout. The lecture has been given in the larger cities to audiences of the highest class, and in none has the distinguished gentleman, on stepping to the front of the platform, failed to find every seat occupied. The spirit of what he says and the motive of his instruction is shown in the closing sentence of the lecture, when he says: "I am confident that the close of our second century will see this Nation established with a continental independence of the Republic and the industrial independence of the entire people." That the desire to hear the ex-Senator is general is shown by the large sale of reserved seats since Friday. It continued yesterday with steady demand and to-morrow night it is very probable every seat will be taken. From the neighboring towns and cities are to come a large number of people, as the reduced railroad rates for the occasion are tempting. Mr. Ingalls will lecture in no other place in Indiana this season.

She Was Angry.
Puck.
"What have you in that package?" asked Mrs. Wantorno of her husband.
"Nothing that you would be interested in, my dear," replied Mr. Wantorno.
"I think you might tell me what it is," said Mrs. Wantorno.
"Well, if you must know, it is a ribbon for my type-writer."
"A ribbon for your type-writer? And it's nothing that I would be interested in?" exclaimed Mrs. Wantorno.
"What's the matter now?" asked her husband, who inferred from his wife's manner that she was thoroughly angry.
"You can unobscurely acknowledge to me that you have bought a ribbon for your type-writer, and at the same time tell me it is nothing that I would be interested in!" And she slammed the door behind her as she went home to her mamma's to relate the most recent instance of man's perfidy.

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Fine Fur-trimmed Jackets at **\$7.50**. Former price, \$15.
Good quality Plush Jackets at **\$6.75**. Former price, \$13.50.
Children's Coats at **\$3.75**. Former price, \$7.50.
Misses' Reefers at **\$3.50**. Former price, \$7.
Sir Titus Salt Plush Coat at **\$19**. Former price \$38.
Mufflon Trimmed Jackets, **\$15**. Former price, \$30.

Do not lose this opportunity and buy your winter coat.

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